

ESSAY ON HAPPINESS, ITS CHARACTER AND CONTENTS

By the Editor

The dictionary is the book to which one naturally looks for definitions; but in the case of happiness, dictionary hunting affords little aid and less satisfaction. The dictionary nearest to hand at this writing, says: "Happiness: a state of being, more or less permanent, in which is experienced a large measure or the full complement of pleasures, especially of the higher intellectual and moral kinds."

This definition is quoted merely to show its inadequacy. However, it makes one distinction worthy of remembrance. Happiness may be classified as permanent or temporary. To the first kind, only, this article shall be confined.

Happiness is to the mind what health is to the body. Some one has defined health as the harmony of the physical man with his environment. If the postulate just laid down be true, then happiness is the harmony of man's mentality with its environment. In neither case must the action of the mind upon the body in reference to health or the action of the body upon the mind in reference to happiness, be eliminated from the environment. It is extremely difficult for one with a jaundiced liver to be happy. On the other hand the mind may rise upon the wings of faith and love into the bright sunshine of peace and joy, while the body is racked with pain and consumed by the commissaries of approaching death.

This writer once knew a fair young woman, whom an accident in childhood had made a bedridden invalid for life. Pain was her constant companion, and her wants required the ministry of others as in the days of her infancy. Yet was she the idol of her family, the beloved of the community, the amazement of those meeting her for the first time. Never a sign of impatience, never a murmur of rebellion at fate, in her life. Irreparable losses. But ever and always, a pleasant smile, a cheerful word, a loving glance, a sympathetic tear for another's woes. Her life was a poem of peace, a hymn of happiness. Her bedside was the very gate of heaven to those privileged to approach it.

The postulate already laid down, that happiness is to the mind what health is to the body, assumes that happiness is a mental condition and not an accumulation of physical surroundings. In other words, the basis of happiness lies in the soul and not in the abundance of material things possessed. Herein lies a vital error made by many. They seek happiness from externals, forgetful that it lies in the mind alone. The billionaire seeks for additional wealth with all the eagerness he displays in gaining his first five thousand, and he is no more satisfied now than then.

A rich man chanced to overhear a poor woman at a wash tub bemoaning to herself the hardness of her lot, the weariness of labor, the inequality of distribution in worldly goods, and how badly she needed a little money. "My good woman," said the rich man, "how much money would make you perfectly happy?" She replied that \$100 would fill her cup of joy to the brim. He handed her a bill of that denomination, and before she even thanked him, she exclaimed: "What a fool I was not to say five hundred!"

Happiness does not consist in the abundance of things possessed. Diogenes in his tub, whom Alexander the Great asked what he could do for him, replied, "Only to get out of my sunshine." This Diogenes was happier than that same Alexander with all his wealth, success and renown; for Diogenes lived contented in his tub, while Alexander wept because there were no other nations for him to conquer. Contentment of mind with contentment of body is the main-spring of happiness. A contented mind is a continual feast. Godliness with contentment is great gain.

The first essential to happiness, as the ancients considered it, is a sane mind in a sound body. It is already been seen that the latter is not an absolute essential, but undoubtedly is a great concomitant. It is vastly more easy to be happy when the mind is housed in a sound and vigorous body, uninjured by dissipation or debauch-

ery, unmarred by violation of its fundamental laws, nor rendered decrepit by neglect. Hence, children should be taught this fundamental fact by illustration at home and instructions at school.

A sane mind is one which knows its duty and discharges it—duty to self, duty to others, duty to God. The knowledge of duty comes only from instruction, and the three great instructors of mankind—the family, the ministerial pulpit, the teacher's chair—should realize the force of their obligation to have the expanding human mind thoroughly imbued with this requisite knowledge at the time when impressions are most readily received and most tenaciously retained. A sage of other days declared the three sublime things in nature to be the starry vault of night, a storm-swept sea, and the conception of human duty. There can be no realization of permanent happiness without the comprehension of duty, in its threefold fields, and its punctilious performance.

When this broad foundation has been laid, happiness has been secured. But happiness, like religion itself, may on the one hand be lost or on the other hand be cultivated into fuller fruition of flower and fruit. Many circumstances are conducive to the expansion of happiness, upon the foundation of a sound body and sane mind. But three will be noticed. They are:

First, possession of a competency of this world's goods. By this is not meant that man should make himself to be like the ass whose back with ingots bows, in order to bear his heavy riches a day's journey till death unloads him. But a simple competency, so that caring cares may not disturb the serenity of his mind with fears of the future; that he may not dread the coming of the wolf of want, with snarling teeth, and extended fangs to sit at his fireside; that he may not at death leave his loved ones to the cold charity of a too often heartless world; that he may be relieved from the deadening drudgery of excessive toil; that he may have wherewith to satisfy the natural and innocent desires of mind and body for recreation and amusement, for social intercourse and intellectual development. Therefore, be diligent in business.

Second, the possession of a mind well tutored to the precision of thought, stored with knowledge carefully acquired, and rendered acute and logical by the habitual use of sound reasoning. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," is an old saw, as false as it is antiquated. The trouble is in the "Where," for no such "ere" has ever yet been found. Nowhere can it be truthfully said that ignorance is bliss, or highest happiness; for the ignoramus differs but slightly in his capacity for pleasure from the frolsome colt that roams amidst the meadows green. The enjoyments of each are exclusively physical, and it is only by the cultivation of the mind that man rises above the brute. "Therefore, my son, get wisdom and with all thy getting get understanding."

Third, the possession of a happy family circle. The man who can go forth under his umbrella into a stormy night, and say, "Who cares if it does rain? We are all here!" can never know happiness other than of a negative character. But he is the happy man, indeed, whose little ones clamber about his knees or place their baby arms about his neck while they whisper their cooing words of love; he, whose father, that guided his youthful steps daily, and whose fatherly hopes, now lean upon his arm, as the tottering steps draw near to the valley of the shadow; he, who sees the mother that bore him, with dimmed eyes but happy heart, seated beside his fire; he, the wife of whose bosom grows daily closer to his heart, and whose plowing his furrows on her brow and sifting the silver threads among the glossy braids of her hair—he, who has these things, in addition to a sane mind in a sound body, a sufficiency of wealth, and a mind stored with the gathering riches of knowledge, certainly has all the happiness that early life can hold.

HUSBANDS AND SUNDAY BREAKFASTS

In a recent divorce suit the woman asserted that her husband refused to rise for breakfast Sunday morning and accompany her to church. She said, further, that she considered this course a detriment to her children's morals, and, if submitted to, her own.

It came out in the evidence that her husband spent the week at indoor, brain work and that Sunday was practically his day of recreation.

If he had been a farmer, doubtless it would have been a pleasure to him to attend the village church and sit quietly during the sermon; but to a man who does something very like sitting in church all week, who is engaged quietly in an office—to that man you could set no harder task than to listen to the Sunday sermon. It is work to him; hard, unrelenting toil. And yet, he reads in his Bible that one should rest on the Sabbath. Rest, indeed, is what his whole nature, body and soul, is crying out for. But rest is another term for change. A change is absolutely essential to rest. And it is unfair to expect such a man to work overtime by attending church.

The truth must be acknowledged before the consideration can be met. And this is true. Ask your brain working friends, and see what the majority say. Then watch and see how many of them attend church. You'll find, most likely, that more approve of going than practice it.

And there you have the thing, in a nutshell: It isn't original craziness, but human necessity, that keeps them away.

Until our civilization is able to produce some kind of physical culture religion that will meet their needs, do humor hubby along, and let him have his coffee in bed, and loaf in his smoking jacket till noon, and spend his afternoon in the sunlight he will.

Then he will be good tempered; for a rested man is naturally so. A tired man kicks the cat and swears at the hired girl. He will have a lot of natural piety if you let him rest. And an ounce of natural piety is worth pounds of the cultivated kind. A good natured dad, who doesn't go to church, will be much less likely to hurt your children's morals than an ill natured dad who does; for the children will not be apt to admire the type of Christianity which the latter exhibits.

MOST ANYTHING

Crowds in St. Petersburg cheered when the body of a general killed at Port Arthur arrived in the city. Those Russians seem to know who is entitled to cheers.



Giving Him the Sack.

"Remember, my boy, 'All the world's a stage' and—"

"Yes, and there's a big crowd of fellows who want to be managers."

"I hear you fellows in the first ward have nominated a prize fighter for alderman."

"That's right."

"You ought to know a prize fighter can't be elected to any office in the ward. He'll be beaten, sure."

"Maybe, but he's never been counted out."

Notwithstanding the fact that the custom in that city is against it, Philadelphia has candidates this fall who are running.

"You killed them in cold blood, and I can show you no mercy," said a Cleveland judge to a prisoner, found guilty of killing two men, and he sentenced him to serve seven years in the penitentiary. How many men must a man kill in Cleveland to be entitled to mercy?

"Who owns that large building?" asked his friend from another city.

"That building," replied the man who lived in the town, "is owned by a dancing teacher. He came here fifteen years ago and opened a dancing school and made a little money, which he invested in real estate. He kept on with the school and continued to invest in real estate, and he steadily advanced. And he still runs his dancing school."

"I see how it is. He became rich step by step."

"It's time you found a clew," said the chief. "Haven't you got a single thing?"

"Nothing more than that the burglary was committed by a woman," replied the local Sherlock Holmes.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the chest with the silver was unlocked with a hairpin."

Nearly all the people in Chicago who opposed the election of the present mayor because he favored municipal ownership of street railways are now abusing him because he has not carried out his plans.

A Denver girl eloped just to make her marriage romantic. She ought to make plans to elope three or four times a year.

Sarah: Morrill, you oughtn't to sleep here at the concert.

Morrill: No danger of a person falling asleep in such a noise.

A MAGNETIC HEALER WROTE TO GOD

BUT THE HEALER RECEIVED NO ANSWER TO ALL HIS PRAYERS.

Mrs. Annie Miller, who has asked for a re-trial of the divorce suit brought against her by her husband, Charles Miller, a magnetic healer living in New York, states that she did not understand the nature of the paper when the summons was read to her, has brought out some rather startling letters, which she alleges that her husband wrote to God, says the Trinidad Chronicle.

She states that her husband is a fanatic, and as evidence of this fact she produced the following letter, which she says he wrote in 1903:

"Charles Miller, living at Trinidad, to be starved to death: one who trusted the Lord ever since he was 6 years old and never received any answer to all his prayers. All the unrighteousness has been rewarded with trouble."

"Out of fifteen years of hard labor I have not earned enough to buy me a decent suit of clothes. The Lord helps!"

Here, he proves up by mathematical deductions that all his wages have been earned by himself, and just what amounts they have been, and continues:

"The damdest lie ever told is that He rewards those who trust him. Now, Lord, if you are so blind that you can't see me or so deaf that you can't hear me, why, then, print such foolishness. I am ready to confess to the world. God must be dead or is getting too old to hear or see any more. Where are your promises? All lies like these? Please let me know."

Judge Ross took Mrs. Miller's application for a new trial under advisement.

Don't Borrow Trouble. It is a bad habit to borrow anything, but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When sick, sore, heavy, weary, and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Here you will find sure and permanent relief from all your troubles, and your body will not be burdened by a load of debt disease. At all drug stores. Price 50c. Guaranteed.

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TERRITORIAL TOPICS

A DEMING MAN CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY.

Last Tuesday was D. Z. Moore's seventy-third birthday, says the Deming Graphic. There was a pleasant surprise at his home in the evening—the Cliffords and Hollingsworths calling to congratulate him and wish him many returns of the day. During the evening he was serenaded by Oakley Clifford and Chas. Hollingsworth.

BRICK INDUSTRY FOR FORTUNATE EDDY COUNTY.

J. T. Bond, who will install the electric light plant at Artesia, Eddy county, decided to see if brick could not be made from the clay of that section. He accordingly secured the services of an expert brickmaker, who has tested the material and finds that it makes a product of good quality and which does not crumble. Arrangements will be made to manufacture brick on a large scale immediately.

THE STORE OF JOHN KENNEDY BURGLARIZED.

Early the other morning the store of John Kennedy at Gallup, was burglarized. The burglar broke one of the large glasses in the show window and gained an entrance to the building. A hammerless shotgun and a quantity of clothing were stolen. In breaking the window the burglar cut his hand, but there was a smear of blood about the window, and some of the clothing which the thief took from the store was stained with blood. Mr. Kennedy has no idea as to the identity of the burglar.

SHEEP MEN GET MUCH DESIRED PERMISSION.

The modifications in the proposed orders of the bureau of animal industry, asked for by the territorial sheep sanitary board so that sheep for interstate shipment could be dipped at the ranches before being sent to the shipping point, have been made. Dr. L. Metcalf, inspector in charge of the bureau in the territory, says the sheep sanitary board's orders to recognize certificates of dipping made by the sheep sanitary board's inspectors when sheep are found to be free from scab upon inspection.

CARLSBAD CLUB ABOUT TO RESUME ACTIVITY.

The meeting at the office of McLenath and Tracy, says the Sun, was well attended and the sentiment seemed unanimous for an organization to advance the interests of the town. The Commercial Club was found to be quite alive and with considerable funds on hand, though it had not had a meeting for six months and the expense of running cut off also. Now it rent of the club rooms can be made reasonable the members are all in favor of opening up again, which will probably be done next week. The club will probably have 100 members in a few months and much may be expected from it.

OLD TIMERS LEAVE THE TERRITORY PERMANENTLY.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Derbyshire left Silver City for California, where they expect to locate, the change having been made necessary by reason of Mrs. Derbyshire's health. They went to San Francisco, where they will remain until a place of residence has been decided upon. Mr. Derbyshire had been a resident of Grant county for the past twenty-three years, the greater portion of which time he was engaged in mining, and in which business he had been very successful. Mr. and Mrs. Derbyshire are deservedly popular and the news of their removal from New Mexico will be received with sincere regret by their many friends, who will wish them every success in their new home.

ROSSELL ARRANGES FOR ORPHANS' HOME.

A committee composed of R. H. McNamee, M. U. Finley, Dr. E. M. Fisher, Major Mark Howell and Dr. C. E. Lukens, that was named Monday evening at a meeting of the Odd Fellows, met with the directors of the Roswell Commercial club last night, says the Roswell Record, and arrangements were made by which the club is to have a committee to co-operate with this Odd Fellow committee in superintending the completion of arrangements for the location of the Odd Fellows' home in Roswell, and they will also perform the work of a building committee. President G. A. Richardson of the Commercial club, named the following committee to serve in this capacity: E. A. Cahoon, N. Jaffa, J. A. Graham, L. K. McGaffey and J. F. Barnett.

AN ITEM OR TWO FROM DEMING'S HOME LIFE.

B. W. King, who came here about three years ago suffering with tuberculosis, from North Carolina, has just returned for his home and considers himself entirely well. His many friends in Deming certainly hope that he is all right.

Mrs. John Lester, who has been lying at the point of death for several days past, is reported to be slightly better this morning, and there is not a soul in the community but is sincerely wishing she may recover soon.

W. C. Wallis has sold his lumber yard and hardware business to the Crescent Lumber company, who will hereafter, or as soon as the yard is located, have a full and complete line of lumber of hand at all times.

FROM THE VALLEY AND TOWN OF ESTANCIA.

Camilo Aragon brought in a giant pie-melon which weighed thirty-eight pounds. Had Don Camilo brought this to the fair he would no doubt have carried away a premium, as it is larger than any shown there.

Rev. Thos. Harwood, principal of the Albuquerque Boys' Industrial school, spent Sunday in Estancia. In the morning he preached in Spanish at the home of George A. Morrison. In the afternoon he assisted Rev. Brewer in a Spanish service at the school house, and in the evening preached in English at the Estancia hotel. At the latter service two infants were baptized, Alfred Milton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Dow, and Elsie Isabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Dow.

A party composed of the families of W. C. Walker, James Walker, Mrs. L. M. Williams and W. F. Robinson left for the hills to spend several days in camp. They have not been heard from since and presumably are laying in a winter's supply of bear meat. No doubt they are having a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Marble have returned from their trial trip, which extended through the principal cities of the territory. They have gone to housekeeping in the cottage just completed by Mr. Marble on his claim east of town.

THE GLOBE STORE
WEST RAILROAD AVENUE
BETWEEN
SECOND AND THIRD STREETS

The Store of Reliability

FRIDAY
OCTOBER
13

A dreadful combination, that of Friday and 13, but Globe Store customers will be less fearful after making purchases on Friday, October 13, and for 13 days thereafter.

FORT GIBSON WILL BE THE CAPITAL OF NEW STATE SEQUOYAH

WAS ONCE THE HOME OF ZACHARY TAYLOR, JEFFERSON DAVIS, HENRY M. STANLEY AND GEN. SAM HOUSTON—CENTER OF AN AREA WHERE NOTORIOUS OUTLAWS HAD FLOURISHED.



OLDEST HOUSE IN INDIAN TERRITORY BUILT 1823

Fort Gibson, I. T., Oct. 7.—This, the oldest town in the territory, the richest in historic and legendary lore, will be the capital if the movement for separate statehood wins. The constitutional convention at Muskogee decided upon Sequoyah as the name of the new state, and Fort Gibson as the capital city. It is located on the Grand river and two miles from the Arkansas river, in the Cherokee nation. Population and business interests are small because the Cherokees for years did everything to keep the white man out.

It has been the abiding place of some of the most noted men, and the most desperate outlaws in the country. J. S. Holden, the grizzled veteran who edits the Fort Smith Post, knows all about them.

"This is the oldest town in the territory," he said, "having grown from a military post established in 1818. Among the officers who commanded here was Zachary Taylor, afterwards president, and Jefferson Davis, who became president of the confederate states. When Davis was a lieutenant he eloped with Miss Bettie Taylor, daughter of Zachary, and they were married in Arkansas. They lived here in a two story double log house until Davis was called to service in the Mexican War, where he achieved distinction. Gen. Robt. E. Lee, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, Gen. Scott, Gen. McClellan, and many others, who were distinguished in the Civil War, came here on tours of inspection."

"Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, taught school, and the building where he presided over the rising generation is one of the landmarks."

"Gen. Hazen, while residing here, married Miss McLean, of Cincinnati, who a few years ago became the wife of Admiral Dewey."

"Jas. G. Blaine was a visitor here and a spell of sickness prolonged his stay over a period of six weeks. Washington Irving wrote his 'Tales of a Traveler' in a tent just outside of the parade ground. In 1848 Longfellow came, and much of the scenery hereabouts is described in 'Evangelical'."

"Gen. Sam Houston was long a resident of Fort Gibson. Here it was that he married Tabitha Rogers, a beautiful Cherokee maiden. She died in 1838. A year ago I interested some citizens in the matter and we caused the removal of her remains to the national cemetery here."

Among the notable people buried in the cemetery was the Seminole chief, Billy Bowlegs, who fought with Osceola in the battle of Wahoo swamp, where Gen. Dade was killed and the American troops routed.

From the notables Editor Holden branched off to the notorious Cherokee Bill, whose blood was a mixture of white, negro and Cherokee, who heads the list. He shot men for the fun of killing, and robbed stores at will.

A gentleman named Proctor ranged hereabouts. About 18 years ago they arraigned him for trial in an Indian court. The proceedings were interrupted by some shooting. Eleven men were killed, including the judge, two jurymen and a deputy United States marshal. Eight of the deaths were credited to the skill of Mr. Proctor.

Eight murders were committed in a single week in the Cherokee nation. The Indian courts were lenient with shooters, however, and in all their existence only fourteen men were executed.

Bill Cook and his gang accomplished something that was beyond the influence of the Fort Smith, Ark., Chamber of Commerce. They forced the Fort Smith & Coffeyville railroad to run a day train. Cook made the night trip so dangerous that a change of schedule became necessary. Cook

was captured in 1905, after a 500-mile chase, and sentenced to forty-five years in the penitentiary.

The Dalton brothers flourished here until 1892, when they attempted the robbery of two banks at Coffeyville, Kan., in daylight. They undertook the robbery in an effort to beat all outlaw legends. Three of the brothers and two assistants were in the enterprise. All were killed by Coffeyville citizens except one of the brothers. He was filled with lead, captured and sent to the penitentiary.

Jim French, who died with his boots on, Belle Starr, a picturesque lady desperado, who rode better and shot quicker than any man in the territory, lived in Fort Gibson. A score of lesser lights, who stole horses, pillaged stores and committed murder, flourished for a brief spell, and were shot in regular order or sent to the penitentiary. They have no successors. Fort Gibson is the center of a peaceful region.

ON THE WAY, HE SAID, TO KILL ROOSEVELT

ALTON OLSEN, THE CLEVELAND ANARCHIST WHO, WHEN ARRESTED AT PITTSBURG FOR SHOOTING A MAN IN A RESTAURANT, SAID HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON TO KILL ROOSEVELT.

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